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## MAN AND NATURE.

"I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me."

So says Byron, and everybody knows how Byron marked whatever he touched with the signet of his own individuality. We are prone to judge men by ourselves. Dugald Stewart says, "It is only by retiring into ourselves that we can obtain a key to the characters of others; and it is only by observing and comparing the characters of others, that we can thoroughly understand and appreciate our own." Is it not as true that Nature assumes toward us an aspect in accordance with our own feelings? Jacob Behmen says he sat in a field at Gortitz, and, "by the inward light, which shone within him," gazed at the herbs and grass, and by their outward signs, discovered their secret properties. As in most things, all is here again changed and fashioned according to the requisites of association. We may think the ocean grand and exhilarating, till we have lost a dear one in its depths, when its grandeur becomes awfulness, and we no longer feel an awakening of our spirits in its presence, but rather a depression of them—its roar is harrowing; its sight, blasting. To show again the influence that association has upon sublime scenery, take the appreciation that the Romans seem to have bestowed upon the Alps. It was of the most material character. In all their poets, we cannot find that they were alive to any of the natural grandeur of those mountains. They looked upon them only as a barrier to keep out hostile hordes. Uhland has recognized this idea of association in one of his ballads, when he notices the different effects the same landscape has upon persons diversely circumstanced. He writes:—

"On the bridge of Bidassoa, grey from time, a saint  
there stands,  
Blessing right the Spanish mountains, blessing left the  
Frankish lands,  
Well, it needs a type of patience thus to watch so mildly  
o'er,  
Where so many from their country, cross without re-  
turning more.  
On the bridge of Bidassoa, magical there plays a sight,  
Where the one sees naught but shadows, sees the other  
golden light,  
Where the one sees laughing roses, sees the other barren  
sand,  
For to each its exile dreary, and to each a Father-  
land."

"Aristotle tells us," says Addison, in the opening of one of his Spectators, "that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas, which are in the mind of the first Being, and that those ideas which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world." Here we are to surmise then, that our mental formation comes from our contact with Nature. Naturally, perhaps, we waver between materialism and transcendentalism. From believing that each individual gives a part of himself to the scenes around him, and indues Nature with a portion of his humanity, we are led to assent to the doubt, as expressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, that Nature, possibly, enjoys a substantial existence without, or only in the apocalypse of the mind. The theory is, then, that we are Nature, and as we are, so is Nature. "All," says Emerson again—

"All is but as it seems,  
All things we cherish

All that live and all that perish,  
These are but inner dreams.  
All things nod to thee,  
All things come to see  
If thou art dreaming on;  
If thy dream should break  
And thou shouldst awake,  
All things would be gone."

How, then, but as according to his mental and spiritual Nature, must the outer world appear to each one. Indeed, as Schelling says, is it not true, it admits of so "various interpretations, that there are almost as many differing views of it, as various modes of life? Thus to one, Nature is nothing more than the lifeless aggregate of an indeterminable crowd of objects, or the space in which, as in a vessel, he imagines things placed; to another, only the soil from which he draws his support; to the inspired seeker alone, the holy ever-creative original energy of the world, which generates and busily evolves all things out of itself." According to Goethe's classification, there are three kinds of men—the rude man, who desires to see but something going on; the man of partial refinement; who must be made to feel; and the man utterly refined, who desires to reflect. The first man, according to the nature of the case, can never be an artist. The second may, and he perhaps corresponds to those regenerators of modern Art, the Pre-Raphaelites. But after one has learned to feel the meaning of Nature, there is something beyond for him to do—he must reflect on what he feels—this is the end of true Art, and when the artist arrives at the power of showing by his pencil that he has reflected, then has he attained a genuine greatness. Take, for example, the campaign about Rome. The engineer, as he looks at the masonry of the aqueduct that traverses it, and observes the level groove which conducted the water, is capable of feeling a lesson. The ordinary painter finds its light and shade fraught with a meaning which he can feel. The student of history models his thoughts upon its associations. But the man of utter refinement, what will he see? Having seen and felt, he gives way to the poetry of reflection, and, like Ruskin, beholds "from the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave." There is no monotony in his reflections. He sees it again, and now "in the breaking gleams of sun, lighting up the infinity of its arches, it seems like the bridge of chaos."

Thus the truest artist possesses a transmuting power, unenjoyed by the mere sensuous observer. He humanizes, as it were, what he sees. Aye, he sometimes endows it with something beyond the human, the actual divine. The artist, one who was bred an artist, differs from the man who feels and reflects artistically, only in his being more constant in his proofs of it. It is his endeavor constantly

"To gaze on Nature with a poet's eye."

The other has his moments only of poetic insight. I remember a beautiful summer's evening on the banks of the Neckar. The setting sun was sinking like a martyr amid the streaming and lurid flames of the west. A delicate and empurpled hue o'erspread

the broad Rhine plain, and deep in the shade, with their jagged summits gorgeously tipped with light, the distant mountains beyond stood like a crowd of giant forms about that bed of martyrdom. Lavish of the splendors they had received, the clouds around threw back their glories on the hills behind me, and upon the red sandstone of the old castle of Heidelberg, scattered a shower of brilliants, till it seemed a mine of gorgeous coruscations on that leafy hill-side. I had been on a walk along the level Bergstrasse, that lay to the north, and returning, as I came to the little village of Neunheim, on the opposite bank of the river, I stepped into a light skiff in which a peasant woman, who had watched my approach, stood in waiting for me. In a moment her long and iron-shod pole grated along the pebbly bottom, as with stalwart arm, she bent her robust frame to push the boat off. Silently into the deeper water we glided, and taking a sweep to meet the opposing current of the river, with a few and long-reached pushes, she carried us along towards the middle of the stream. I sat silently observing the illumination before me, and tracing its reflection in the broad, smooth surface of the tide beyond, when a voice, that may have been harsh, but seemed no longer so, when I had heard what it said, thus gone forth, "The heavens are truly heavenly to-night, gracious sir." In that one phrase, I knew that rude being centered all she had in her of poetry, and surely it was no mean display.

Let us see how Christopher North has portrayed the effects of such a scene on varied beings, mute and loquacious. "Yonder ass," says the genial professor, "licking his lips at a thistle, sees but water for him to drink in Windermere a-glow with the golden lights of setting suns. The ostler or the boots at Lowood Inn takes a somewhat higher flight, and, for a moment pausing with curry-comb or blacking-brush in his suspended hand, calls on Sally Chambermaid, for gracious sake, to look at Pull-wyke. The waiter, who has cultivated his taste from conversation with Lakers, learns their phraseology, and declares the sunset to be exceedingly handsome. The Laker, who sometimes has a soul, feels it rise within him as the rim of the orb disappears in the glow of softened fire. The artist compliments Nature by likening her evening glories to a picture of Claude Lorraine—while the poet [and let us add the true artist too] feels the sense sublime.

"Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

It would be tedious to trace all the corresponding relations, in which different scenes and objects are viewed by different men, and even by the same men at different times. They would be found all derivable, variously from innate character, education, circumstances, and association. Although we find Luther pronouncing music the best of the Lord's gifts, and Wesley regretting that the Devil should appropriate the best tunes, we may not, at the same time, be surprised that Calvin and Knox should consider it a wile of Satan.

If we feel that it is unnatural for the intellectually great to be guilty of gormandizing, we must expect to learn that there are some like Descartes, "who do not think the good things of this world were made only for the fools." We must not be surprised to read, that even an actor of Garrick's stamp, was chargeable with the absurdity of performing in Macbeth with the scarlet uniform of a modern British general. Nor to hear of a painter, who called himself an artist, representing Our Lady at the foot of the cross, in a hooped petticoat and pointed boddice, with a saffron-colored head-dress, and St. John in pantaloons and doublet. (Surely the proper authorities of his church did well in casting him into purgatory.) Truly must we learn to believe there are worshippers of the Trinity, who could array an image of the Saviour "in a fair, full-buttoned wig, very well powdered," as Lady Montague discovered one in Nuremburg. Nor must we be surprised at the Frenchman, who painted Eden with parterres and fountains, or our old English ancestors, who looked upon a similar scene as a frontispiece to their Bibles, "where," to use Macaulay's words, "We have an exact square, enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the centre; rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in; the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the centre of the grand alley, the snake turned round it, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them." Such strange, unaccountable beings are we—some of us!

Nor can we premise where we are to find such inconsistencies. Did not Voltaire, at Ferney, turn away his windows from the glorious prospects of the environs? Could those early monks, who declared that Christ could not have been beautiful, because beauty is carnal, have thought ugliness to be spiritual? And when we see painters reasoning with Aristotle, giving the features of angels the utmost perfection without a trace of expression, because celestial beings would be debased by giving them anything like a correspondence to our own sensations, we half suspect that they acknowledge thereby their inability to attain that mildly deep, and religious style of expression, such as we sometimes see, and are induced to exclaim, "How angelic!" This very impulse proves, that there is in our imaginations a type of celestial aspects. And how much can a painter, who portrays it, gain in awakening the sympathetic feelings of those who look upon his picture! A mere cast of features, destitute of all expression, even if called an angel's, cannot interest us. We do not require an absolute play of the features, but an expression, a settled one, such as we see upon the countenances of the recently dead; such as would express the grand idea of the being, as if produced in such a way, as is sometimes the case with man, where the same constant direction of his thoughts has, without any other will of his own, moulded the set of his features to a shape expressive of those thoughts. In sculpture, where little like a seeming transient play of features can be attempted, this is perhaps the extent of the artist's

power; nor should he desire to go further. If he has expressed in his face the grand leading idea to which all others but ministered, then has he given the only true representation of his model, worthy of an artist.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

### THE TAILORS MEASURED BY THE POETS.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."—HORACE.

SHAKESPEARE of course has rendered full justice to the tailor. In his illustrations we see our ancient friend variously depicted, as industrious, intelligent, honest, and full of courage, without vamping. The tailor in "King John" is represented as the retailer of news, and the strong handi-craftsman listens with respect to the budget of the weakly intelligencer.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The while his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent."

How modestly dignified, assured, and self-possessed, is the tailor in "Katherine and Petruchio!" The wayward bridegroom had ridiculed the gown brought home by the "woman's tailor" for the wayward bride. He had laughed at the "masking-stuff," sneered at the demicannon of a sleeve, and profanely pronounced its vandyking (if that term be here admissible) as

"carved like an apple-tart.  
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop."

To all which profanity against divine fashion, the tailor modestly remarks that he had made the gown, as he had been bidden,

"orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time."

And when Petruchio, who is not half so much of a gentleman in this scene as Sartorius, calls the latter "thimble," "flea," "skein of thread," "remnant," and flings at him a whole vocabulary of vituperation, the gentle *schneider* still simply asserts that the gown was made according to direction, and that the latter came from Grumio himself. Now Grumio, being a household servant, lies according to the manner of his vocation; and where he does not lie, he equivocates most basely; and where he neither lies nor equivocates, he bullies; and finally, he falls into an argument, which has not the logical conclusion of annihilating his adversary. The latter, with quiet triumph, produces Grumio's note containing the order; but it costs the valet no breath, and as little hesitation, to pronounce the note a liar too. But a worm will turn; and the tailor, touched to the quick on a point of honor, brings his bold heart upon his lips, and valiantly declares, "This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it;" and thereupon Grumio falls into bravado and uncleanness, and the tailor is finally dismissed with scant courtesy, and the very poor security of Hortensio's promise to pay for what Petruchio owed. The breach of contract was flagrant, and the only honest man in the party was the tailor.

But perhaps, on the question of fashions, the remark of the simple-minded tailor in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," who is duped so consumedly by Ferabosco the

mountebank, is very apt to the matter. He has travelled, and is willing even to go to the moon, in search of strange and exquisite new fashions; but, as he says, "all we can see or invent are but old ones (with new names to 'em)." The poets I have last mentioned exhibit quite as great a contempt for chronology as any of their harmonious fellows. Thus, Blacksnout, the Roman blacksmith, in the "Faithful Friends," living when Titus Martius was King of Rome, tells Snipsnap, the Latin tailor, that he had not only been in battle, but had been shot "with a bullet as big as a penny loaf;" he adds, with much circumstance:—

"'Twas at the siege of Bunnill, passing the straits  
'Twixt Mayor's-lane and Tierra del Fuego,  
The fiery isle!"

Snipsnap is the tailor of the poets' own period. He calls for drink with the airy freedom of a be-plumed gallant, pays magnanimously, as be-plumed gallants did *not*, cuts jokes like a court-jester, and boasts that he can "finish more suits in a year than any two lawyers in the town." Blacksnout's remark in reply, that "lawyers and tailors have their several hells," is rather complimentary than otherwise to the last-named gentle craft; for it places the tailor, who exercises the time-honored observance of "cabbage," on a level with the lawyer, who purchases his luxuries through the process of partially stripping his clients. The "hell" here named is supposed to be the place wherein both lawyers and tailors put those shreds, of which Lisauo speaks in the "Maid in the Mill":—

"The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,  
Make him a mighty man."

Ben Jonson alludes to this particular locality in "The Staple of News." Fashioner waiting past the appointed time for Pennyboy, Jun., compensates for his dilatoriness by perpetrating a witticism, and the young gentleman remarks thereupon:—

"That jest  
Has gain'd thy pardon; thou hadst lived condemn'd!  
To thine own hell else."

Fashioner was like Mr. Joy, the Cambridge tailor of an olden time. If that hilarious craftsman had promised a suit to be ready for a ball, and did not bring it home till the next morning at breakfast, his stereotyped phrase ever took the form of—"Sorrow endureth for a night, but 'Joy!' cometh with the morning!" But, to return to the *hades* of tailors. The reader will doubtless remember that Ralph, the doughty squire of Hudibras, had been originally of the following of the needle, and—

"An equal stock of wit and valor  
He had laid in, by birth a tailor."

Ralph dated his ancestry from the immediate heir of Dido, from whom

"descended cross-legg'd knights,  
Famed for their faith,

And then we are told, with rich Hudibrastic humor, that Ralph, the ex-tailor, was like Æneas the Pious, for—

"This sturdy squire, he had, as well  
As the bold Trojan knight, seen *hell*;"

which locality, as connected with the handi-craftsman, is described as being the place where tailors deposit their perquisites.

We have digressed a little from Snipsnap, the English tailor, whom Beaumont and Fletcher have placed with other thoroughly English artisans in the piece already named, "The Faithful Friends." Snipsnap holds his profession to be above that of a soldier, but yet modestly excuses himself from fighting, on the score that, although a tailor, he is *not* a gentleman. Be-